

# RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

By *Mme Anastasia Suvorina*  
(the Bernhardt of Russia)

Stranger Than Fiction, the Fascinating True Story of What She  
Saw With Her Own Eyes of the Thrilling Events  
That Followed the Overthrow of the Czar's  
Power—Now Told for the First  
Time by the Famous "Bern-  
hardt of Russia"



The monk Rasputin, Russia's man of mystery, whose domination of the imperial family ended in the overthrow of the old regime

(Continued from preceding page)

"You much more. You have been... I will make you his tyrant," Rasputin. And quite in the manner of the ancient Roman Emperor who, as history tells us, when affected by the beauty of one of the Roman wives at his feasts, took her intimately away with him, Rasputin had out of the studio with the woman B—!

After them, wondering if I was dreaming. No one else was to pay any attention. They went on sleeping. The sculptor came to me and said: "I have a cup of tea after the... Why did you excite the Father with your resistance?" He was in earnest. Others ceased their chattering to look at me reproachfully—as though I had offended some saint; I did not want to say. The whole matter was amazing. Some one tactfully turned the subject and we disappeared and the theater as we sipped

about an hour Rasputin and the woman B— returned. She glanced at her rather apprehensively, I saw. Then the uncouth priest and his seats at the table and he went on talking as though nothing extraordinary had happened. Rasputin ignored me, but began to talk of love to another of the court

in a wave of anger and repulsion. Rasputin glared at me. Then he resumed fiercely:

"Don't laugh! The time of judgment is very near. We are facing great changes. I must be strong to accomplish all the work. I get my strength from women—women—and more women! Give me a woman and I am young, strong and wise. Take away the woman and I collapse and die. I drink women and eat women. Russia will become great through my women—women who know how to love but not women who know how to talk. I want silent women, women full of passion, women who know how to love. I know it. I speak of my experience, of my vision, of my divine conviction." For a second he paused, then said solemnly:

"Cursed be the woman who ever dares to oppose me, for it is not I she starves and denies, but the soul of Holy Russia, who feeds through me!" This appalling revelation of vampirism was interrupted by a telephone call from the Grand Duchess Anastasia to Rasputin.

"What do you want?" asked Rasputin brusquely.

"The Czarevich is feeling badly and his nose is bleeding," Anastasia replied.

"Bring him to the telephone," commanded he.

This was evidently done at the palace, for Rasputin spoke to him:

"There is nothing the matter with your nose. Go and sleep on the chair until I come. Let your sister keep ice on the nose. My little dove, I am your guardian saint, so don't worry. Tell the Czarina that I am coming to keep my hand on your head. The fairy will play

with you in sleep. The name of your fairy is Nightingale. Now kiss the receiver and be a good boy."

After this telephone conversation he turned to us, smiling.

"Now I have to leave and I will continue my discussion about the role that love plays in our life when I see you again."

He shook hands with everybody; then addressed me.

"You need a spanking, because you are nothing but a child in your views of life. You think me a monster and charlatan. Never mind. I know your father. He has been trying to ruin me with his printer's ink and paper at the court and in the eyes of the people, but in vain. I am still alive and I am stronger than he is!" He nodded slightly, crossed himself and left. I felt as if a heavy pressure

The last photograph ever taken of the

Czarevitch, showing him practicing archery in his Siberian place of exile



The Czarevitch in the uniform of a Russian army officer

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He nodded slightly, crossed himself and left. I felt as if a heavy pressure

had been lifted from the atmosphere and everybody seemed to breathe, relieved.

I did not see him for a long time. He evidently avoided meeting me, and Virubova, his friend, grew cold toward me. My father renewed his bitter articles in denouncing Rasputin as an impostor. But it was practically impossible for Virubova or Rasputin to put me out or do me any harm, especially as I had the public opinion on my side.

Some time passed and the incident with Rasputin at the studio of Aronson was almost forgotten. Mme. Virubova had arranged an elaborate charity ball for the benefit of the wounded and the Red Cross and I was among the invited guests. Here I saw Rasputin the second time. I was dressed in the Russian peasant costume of the Volga provinces and danced a folk dance for the audience. Rasputin walked toward me and extended his hand for greeting, quite as if nothing had happened, and exclaimed: "Ah, Asta, my little dove! You must dance with me!"

Without any hesitation I answered that I would be pleased to dance with him, provided the hostess was able to collect an extra ten thousand rubles for the charity. The announcement that Rasputin and I would dance a number of folk dances for the gathering brought double the asked amount of money.

Everybody was curious to see Rasputin dancing with Suvorina. The monk danced well, and the audience cheered and applauded us wildly. During the intermission I told him:

"Rasputin, this a function which you can perform much better than ruling Russia."

He pulled his red beard and glanced at me slyly, grunting:

"That's all right, my dear lady. It makes no difference whether the medium is a dance or a drink, if there is only the woman. I make all women of Russia to dance. Now you dance with me; to-morrow you may drive or elope with me. Who knows?"

"I think you would better forget women and think of more important things," I replied. For a long moment he did not speak, then:

"If I am separated from a woman—Russia will perish! If Russia forgets me and forgets the woman she will perish in less than a year!" he said. I felt a shudder go through me. There was

something uncanny—something inhuman about the man!

It was really strange what influence Rasputin had over the Czar and the Czarina, yet, I believe, that behind his influence was still that very shrewd lady, Mme. Virubova. Just as much as he was hated by the people and the intellectuals of Russia was he loved by the royal family and the court; and as he was loved so he dominated those who loved him and turned their lives to serve his own purposes.

First of all, he was, above all, a virile man of instinct, a "naturmensch," as Nietzsche would have said. He fell like a masculine meteor into the most decadent society of women the world has ever known. They loved him by the scores and hundreds.

Woman, whatever may be said by the poets, is a more monotonous and more uniform being than man; the chromatic scale of her characteristics is not so far extended, for she is a being nearer to nature than man is. The forgetfulness of this fact has caused much bitterness to the idealists who have set her in the clouds.

Woman is less moral than, and really much more shameless, because she has almost always been idle which is the fault of man, who, since the feudal era developed her as an instrument of pleasure. This moral aspect of the psychology of woman being granted, it at once explains her preference and her affinity for those men who represent the primitive animal type. Such a man was Rasputin.

Besides that, he had acquired on his extended pilgrimage from one monastery to another a tinge of mystic inclination, which, with natural intuition, he knew how to exploit most effectively in his dealings with women. He knew the psychology of women better than the best psychologists and poets, and he played on them accordingly. This, my view of him, was corroborated by his intimate friend, Anna Virubova, in one of her conversations with me, when she said:

"Brother Gregory dominates all his women friends, including the Czarina. He is a wise man of the East, and knows that an average educated man

is a moralizing animal, which is his weakness in his relation with woman. It would be better if he were to make up his mind and find out which is the more agreeable to him: the woman who is voluptuous, beautiful and fascinating, the instrument of pleasure, or the woman in the higher and more noble sense of the word. Instead of either of these, he chooses the proud woman, charming and playful, and would like to teach her morality, instead of providing himself with a whip, as the wise old woman advised Zarathustra; he longs for the voluptuous woman and forgets that she has poisonous teeth and finger nails."

I doubt that Rasputin could have exercised the power at the court as he did had he not been backed up and manipulated so by silent Anna. But what her motives were in doing so is a mystery. Either she was anxious to ruin the Czarina through Rasputin's influence and take her place or she was an agent of dark powers.

There have been ugly rumors that she was a tool of the German General Staff and the Kaiser. It has been hinted that a certain German baroness, who visited her frequently during the rule of the Czar, called on her with Mme. Trotzky, when the Bolsheviks appeared in Petrograd, and assured her that she would remain immune in her private villa and no one would touch her personal property, jewels and money.

Such generous immunity was not granted to any other favorite of the court and it would seem as if she could have obtained it only through some such means as gossip hints at.

One of Rasputin's tricks of controlling the Czarina and other women of position was his doctrine of "hysticism"—a "religion," which emphasizes the fact that sensualism is the main point of a religious ritual and sensuous symbols are to be considered as sacred signs of devotion. I was told that he had a real Hlysty chapel in the house of Mme. Virubova, where special services were celebrated frequently for her and a few of her intimate friends, but I never saw it.

In these pages next Sunday I will give some surprising details about this strange doctrine of "hysticism" and the very ingenious way Rasputin hid a disgusting sensualism behind the solemn symbols of religion. It was very largely through his preaching and practice of this doctrine that the monk became the sinister figure he did under Russia's old regime.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

His arms seized me in an iron grip while his hot, gray eyes never left mine. "Dear child," he said, "don't crush the magic pearl I am offering you! You will kiss my shadow and clamor for my return if you do."

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